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SEGARS,

COLFAX, LOUISIANA.
Vol 1117

The Ballad of Hiram Hover.

Where the Moosatokmaguntick
Pours its waters in the Skuntic,
Met along the forest-side,
Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,
He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,
Hunting beaver, mink and skunk,
In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,
Walked beside the Skuntic water,
Gathering, in her apron wet,
Snake-root, mint, and bouncing-bet.

"Why," he murmured, loath to leave
her,
"Gather yarbs for chills and fever.
When a lover, bold and true,
Only waits to gather you?"

"Go," she answered, "I'm not hasty;
I prefer a man more tasty;
Leastways, one to please me well
Should not have a beastly smell."

"Haughty Huldah," Hiram answered;
"Mind and heart alike are canored;
Jest look here! these peltries give
Cash, wherefrom a pair may live."

"I, you think, am but a vagrant,
Trapping beasts by no means fragrant;
Yet—I'm sure it's worth a thank—
I've a handsome sum in bank."

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover;
And before the year was over,
Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,
Bought a cape against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was;
Of a stylish cut the shape was;
And the girls, in all the town,
Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,
Hiram came, without a warning;
"Either," said he, "you are blind,
Huldah, or you've changed your mind."

"Me you snub for trapping varmits,
Yet you take their skins for garments;
Since you wear the skunk and mink,
There's no harm in me, I think."

"Well," said she, "we will not quarrel,
Hiram; I accept the moral.
Now the fashion's so, I guess
I can hardly do no less."

Thus the trouble all was over
Of the love of Hiram Hover;
Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde
Huldah Hover, as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favor,
Things of good and evil favor!
That which first appeared to part,
Warmed, at last, the maiden's heart.

Under one impartial banner,
Life, the Hunter, Love, the tanner,
Draw, from every beast they snare,
Comfort for a wedded pair.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

How a Country Lothario Pulled the
Wool Over His Sweetheart's Eyes—A
Cleveland Reporter's Romance of
Mutton and Matrimony.

"Your speaking of being chased
by wolves in the Canada woods
recalls a similar experience I once
had in Ohio," said the old pioneer,
as he shook his suppressed emotion,
but whether of a sad or
pleasant nature could not be ascer-
tained by the dim light of the fire-
place.

"Let us hear the yarn," we sug-
gested, with a reportorial eye to
an item for consideration in a dull
season.

"Oh, it ain't any yarn, I assure
you," said the old man as he
chuckled and grinned, until a gla-
cial movement of tobacco juice
started from each corner of his
mouth and pushed its way slowly
down the wrinkles that led to his
stubble-covered chin below. "Shut
the door there, so that mother
can't hear what is going on, and I
will tell you how I came to get
married."

We complied with his request,
and after storing away a fresh de-
posit of the weed "that cheers,
but don't inebriate," he drew his
chair closer to ours, and com-
menced:

It was in 1850 I came to Cleve-
land, and became employed in a

hardware store on Superior street.
I had spent all my previous life on
a farm, and had become tired of
tramping around over the pas-
tures, foddering the sheep and cat-
tle in winter, and working still
harder in the summer. I won't
say anything about the difficulties
I experienced in getting employ-
ment upon my arrival in the city,
nor how I tried every place in town
before I could get a boarding-house
that suited me, until I became ac-
quainted with a widow lady who
kept a few boarders on what is
now known as Euclid Avenue.

My landlady was accomplished
and had evidently seen better days,
but the death of her husband left
her in reduced circumstances,
hence her taking boarders as a
means of subsistence. She had
two daughters, both lively, intelli-
gent, and possessing the graces
that only come from association
with the better class of society.
They were of extremely gay dis-
position, and I had not been at the
house a month before I was hope-
lessly in love with Fanny, the eld-
est, and though at times her man-
ners towards me were tender and
encouraging, she carefully avoided
giving me an opportunity to be
alone with her long enough to de-
clare my passion.

The winter had nearly passed
without finding me any farther ad-
vanced in my suit, until one night
in February, after a heavy fall of
snow, I asked Fanny to take a
sleigh ride with me, to which she
consented, and after tea I procured
as high-stepping a pair of horses
as could be found in the city, drove
up to the house of my affinity, and
in a few moments we were whirl-
ing away out on the old Cleveland
and Medina turnpike. I had ta-
ken this road partly because it led
towards my old home, and also
owing to its being less traveled at
night than the other thoroughfares
leading from the city, and we were
not likely to be interrupted in our
ride or conversation. The night
was just cold enough to make it
necessary to place my arm around
my companion, the horses were
frisky, and the moon shone with
that peculiar light which is pre-
ferred by lovers to all others, un-
less it be that of a parlor lamp
turned down so low, that as an
illuminator it is nearly useless.

Through Brooklyn township we
whirled away out into the country,
where the lights from the farm-
houses became more scattered, and
the baying of a watch-dog was the
only sound heard. Fanny, who
had previously sang, laughed, and
chatted merrily on our ride, now
became quiet, and as we came to
a rise in the road that disclosed
a level strip two or three miles in
length before us, I said to myself,
"Before we have traveled the road
now in view, I will settle my fate,
and go home a happier or more
miserable man."

Hardly had I come to the con-
clusion before I heard a peculiar
rushing sound behind us, and look-
ing round could see a flock of sheep
coming at full speed towards us,
and behind them were two or
three dogs, which accounted for
the fright of the sheep, who would
doubtless run for several miles be-
fore stopping, and give their own-
er much trouble in hunting them
up the next day. But a brighter
thought came to me. Fanny was
a city girl and had never seen a
sheep save in the shape of outlets
or roast at her mother's table. I
would indulge in a strategy of the
kind which is considered fair in

love or war. Lowering my voice
to the note of the stage Jibbenain-
oisy where he speaks of the death
of his parent, wife and friends, I
said: "Fanny, my girl, are you
brave—can you bear terrible
news?" "Why, Henry, what is
the matter—what makes you so
pale?" Assuming a more tragic
voice I replied: "Be firm, dearest—
rely on me. We are followed by
wolves! Look behind you and
you can see the monsters who are
already thirsting for our blood."

She gave a hurried glance back-
ward, heard the running sound of
many feet, the deep breathing
which, when heard in the forests
of the north, causes the wildest
dismay; then drawing nearer to
me, said: "I did not know there
were wolves so near the city, Hen-
ry?" "Neither did I think there
were any," I replied, "but it seems
we were mistaken, for these be-
hind us are of the gray species,
and the most dangerous to meet.
Driven by hunger, they have ap-
proached the settlements, and un-
less our horses can go to the "Stone
Tavern" in Parma before we are
overtaken, we are lost."

At this juncture the old curly-
horned leader, tired, and out of
wind from the long run, gave vent
to a prolonged bleat which was
fearful enough to scare a less timid
girl than Fanny. I sawed on the
horses' bits, flourished my whip
frantically around them until they
were excited and apparently doing
their best to escape the fate behind
them, but I was secretly holding
them back, to allow the wolves (?)
to get closer. On came the bloody
horde, panting for breath, nearer
and nearer, until I began to throw
out the buffalo-ropes and blankets.
"These will keep them busy chew-
ing a few minutes," I said, "and
we may escape." But the sheep
had no appetite for the robes, and
were close behind us.

I arose in the sleigh, gave the
reins to Fanny, saying: Drive for
your life—I will sacrifice myself
for you," and made a movement as
if to jump out of the sleigh.—
"Never!" "never!" she screamed,
"we will die together," and she
pulled me down beside her to await
our fate. While thus employed I
succeeded in obtaining a hasty
avowal of Fanny, at the same time
I was holding back the horses so
as to let our pursuers go by. They
came, the monsters separated and
passed us on either side, while I
held my hat over Fanny's face
that she might not see the dread-
ful deception I had played upon
her.

She fainted the moment we were
overtaken by the wolves, and with-
out trying to revive her, I turned
the horses homeward, and only
stopped to pick up the robes which
had been thrown out to check the
ferocious animals. After driving
a mile or two my now affianced
wife revived sufficiently to hear
how we were saved by a party of
sleigh-riders who met us just as
we were surrounded. Though ner-
vous and weak from the excite-
ment she recovered her buoyancy
of spirits before we reached home,
and had promised to keep our ad-
venture a secret, as I informed her
"the owner of the horses would
charge me a fearful price if he
knew to what fearful test his steeds
had been put." And that is my
adventure with wolves and how I
came to marry.

"But did your wife never find
out the deception you practised?"
we asked of the old settler, as he

laughed again while thinking of
his boyish pranks.

"Not until about eight years
ago," he replied, "when I told her
of it one evening when she was
ironing."

"What did she say?"
"Not much—not very much,"
answered the old romancer, but
removing his hat, he showed us a
triangular place upon his head,
such as might have been made by
a hot smoothing iron, and with
not a hair upon its surface. We
thought Fanny was revenged.

New Orleans Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
July 22, '76.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:
"And such is life." After an
absence of ten days, we, or at
least the better part of us, appear
before your readers, to tell what
we see and hear. The dullness
and monotony of stagnant busi-
ness is only relieved by the con-
stant outbursts of patriotic emo-
tions which gives vent to itself in
street conversations, torch-light
processions, music and military
parades. We were too unwell
until to-day to see or hear much.

The immense number of unem-
ployed laborers, the greater num-
ber of whom are nearly in a des-
titute condition, show how little
business is being done here, and
the principal reason why bread is
so dear and virtue so cheap.

In my rambles I called at the
office of Gov. Wells. He was ab-
sent in Rapides parish, recruiting
his health. Gov. Kellogg is also
absent, on a short visit North.

I had the pleasure, for the first
time, of meeting Marshal Packard,
who seems to be quite a gentle-
man. He is urbane and agree-
able. He did not mention polit-
ics; and, after a short interview,
I left, well pleased with the man,
and will certainly avail myself of
his invitation to call again.

The political movements of each
party are characterized by great
activity and fixedness of purpose,
and to win is the motto.

It would be useless for me to
speculate as to who will be the
Democratic nominees for the var-
ious offices. You see your ex-
changes and can judge for your-
self. On Camp street a large can-
vas stretches its ample folds across
the street, and has inscribed on it:
"D. B. Penn's headquarters," and
of course it means business.—
Mayor Wiltz is a strong man, and
it is said that by a fusion of the
McEnery wing he may be the
coming man. Governor McEnery
is reported as being willing to
support the nominee, regardless
of self. No purer man than John
McEnery lives; though a partisan,
he is just.

Some of the knowing ones, and
of course there is always such,
suggests that the prospective nom-
inee is yet unveiled. It may be
so; yet it is unwise in the main to
bet on an untried horse. We
would not be surprised if the Na-
tional Republican party found this
to be the case in starting Gov.
Hayes. Men are sometimes too
well known to fame, still no
amount of flattery can whip them
into favor; again, they may not be
known well enough to be relied on.
But, like yourself, Mr. Editor, be-
ing independent in politics, I look
on with careless indifference, and
can say, with Shakspeare, Lay on,
Macduff! To be sure, like the
Chronicle, we feel a becoming in-
terest in the stability of the gov-
ernment, and hope to see univer-
sal peace and prosperity spread
their broad pinions all over the
land.

Your paper has many friends
here, and some of the merchants
will, doubtless, advertise liberally
with you in a very short time.
To your lady readers, who think

of fashion's fickle ways, we would
say that their sisters of this city
dress in every imaginable way,
consulting coolness rather than
style; and while they are not un-
mindful of the tribute due to taste
and fashion, they manage to keep
cool.
Yours,
J.

Republican Meetings.

COLFAX, July 22, 1876.

Pursuant to a call, signed by
twelve Republicans of Grant par-
ish, a meeting was held at the
Court House, on Saturday, the 1st
day of July, 1876, H. R. Kearson,
temporary Chairman.

It was unanimously resolved,
That in view of the approaching
election, and the necessity of an
immediate and thorough reorgani-
zation of the Republican party,
that we proceed at once to organ-
ize the Mother Club.

There being an objection offered
to the above resolution, the yeas
and nays were called, and resulted
in the affirmation, with the excep-
tion of one dissenting vote.

The names for membership were
then called, and sixty persons re-
sponded to the call and were en-
rolled.

The following officers were then
unanimously elected: Edmund
Clark, President; Harry Hall,
Ralph Marcus, Henderson Wood-
ward and Kit Christopher, Vice-
Presidents; H. McKnight, Sec-
retary; Hardy Kearson, Treasurer;
Lit Kimball and James Smith,
Sergeants-at-Arms.

Resolved, That this club meets
on the first Saturday of each
month, at Colfax, to transact busi-
ness, and the President is also au-
thorized to call special meetings
when necessary.

Resolved, That the Vice-Presi-
dents be authorized and directed
to organize the different clubs
throughout the ward as soon as
possible.

A committee was then appoint-
ed to draft by-laws for the govern-
ment of the club.

Resolved, That in this organiza-
tion, we do not deny to anyone en-
tire freedom of thought and action,
nor discard those who differ with
us in opinion, but desire and in-
vite the co-operation of all true
Republicans to assist us in the
selection and support of honest
and responsible candidates for
office.

On motion, the meeting ad-
journed until the 1st Saturday in
August.

Since the above meeting was
held, a call was made to reconsider
the action of the Mother Club,
owing to some dissatisfaction be-
ing expressed thereat, whereupon
a mass meeting was held at the
Court House on the 4th Saturday
(the 22d) of July, to take the mat-
ter under consideration, Harry
Hall, Vice-President of the Mother
Club acting President, and H. Mc-
Knight, Secretary.

The minutes of the first meeting
were then read.

A motion was then made by
Charles Thomas to reconsider the
action of the Mother Club.

H. R. Kearson opposed the mo-
tion.

A vote on the question was cal-
led for, and after some time spent
in confusion and parleying, re-
sulted in the withdrawal of Mr.
Thomas' motion, when order was
again restored. Whereupon it was
Resolved, That the action of the
Mother Club be sustained and
fully endorsed by this meeting.

On motion, the Chair then ap-
pointed three additional Sergeants-
at-Arms.

The Parish Executive Commit-
tee was then elected, consisting of
fifteen members.

Resolved, That the proceedings
of this meeting be published in
the COLFAX CHRONICLE.

On motion, the meeting adjourn-
ed, to meet on the 1st Saturday in
August, 1876.

HARRY HALL, Vice-Pres.
H. McKnight, Sec'y.